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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1853.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITH the present number, completing its thirteenth volume, this journal will cease to be published.

The LITERARY WORLD was commenced the 6th February, 1847, and was organized in its literary department by one of the present editors. In the course of that year its editorship passed into the hands of Charles F. Hoffman, by whom it was ably carried on till October, 1848, when both the proprietorship and editorship were undertaken, and have since been continued, by its present conductors.

In parting with a work which thus, from its commencement, with a brief interval, has been the uninterrupted weekly employment of nearly seven years, we could say much which it would be pleasant to recall of the period, but we remember that the record of those associations may properly be left to the preceding pages. One word should not be unsaid. It is a grateful acknowledgment to the kind friends and correspondents who have so uniformly and liberally assisted us in our work. Not a few of the most honored and deserving authors of our American literature have been important contributors to these columns. To them we dedicate the volumes now concluded of the LITERARY WORLD.

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK.

LITERATURE.

HOMES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN.*

MR. PUTNAM'S holiday enterprises have a wholesome odor of nationality. He is willing to think that there are materials in the literature and history of his country which can be made as available for profit and delight to American readers, as the revamping of old English annuals, the stale repetitions of faded portraits of nobility, or the lackadaisical effusions of the literary lords and ladies—the cast-off finery of May Fair sent across the Atlantic to find a cheap second-hand market in New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Putnam has wisely stepped out of this track and left the old rubbish behind him. His "Homes of American Statesmen" is an original parlor-table volume, which, though it aspires to the dignity of neither history nor memoirs, has no little of the spirit of both in the judicious handling of such men, who figure in its pages, as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Patrick Henry, Madison, Hamilton. There are nineteen biographical notices in all, including, in addition to those which we have just mentioned, the two Adamsses, Franklin, Hancock, Jay, Ames, Jackson, Rufus King, Clay, Calhoun, Clinton, Story, Wheaton. These are written by almost as many different pens, the selection of writers being made with reference to personal or party associations, so that each may be treated *con amore*, in the appreciative spirit befitting a book which appears at a season sacred to good will among men.

The first of these papers is an admirable historical essay on Washington, from the pen of Mrs. Kirkland, who, without going much beyond the ordinary material, has succeeded in telling the old story with that charm of novelty, which, in this fallen world,

will always accompany truths simply and sincerely spoken. Washington we do not tire of, because his greatness is so strongly characterized by its simplicity. We tire of the caricatures of humanity, men great in a single feature, the mannerists of society and history; but the calm, pure, mild look of Washington never seems out of place, from the canvas of Stuart to the daub on a village tavern sign, from the marble of Greenough to the plaster effigy on the board of an itinerant pedlar. You never stumble over this figure in the street and anathematize it. It is no Alcibiades whom you wish to ostracize out of very disgust of virtue.

In addition to the story of Washington's political and military virtues, Mrs. Kirkland, in this brief sketch, has been fortunate in presenting one or two new points, or old ones capably improved, of his personal qualities. This inquiry after Washington at home, brings out an anecdote which has not, we believe, before appeared in print.

WASHINGTON AT HOME.

"Doing, not describing, was the business of the day. 'Our own correspondent' was not born yet; desperate tourists had not yet forced their way into gentlemen's drawing-rooms, to steal portraits by pen and pencil, to inquire into dates and antecedents, and repay enforced hospitality by holding the most sacred personalities up to the comments of the curious. It would, indeed, be delightful to possess this kind of knowledge; to ascertain how George Washington of Fairfax appeared to the sturdy country gentlemen, his neighbors; what the 'troublesome man' he speaks of in one of his letters thought of the rich planter he was annoying; whether Mr. Payne was proud or ashamed when he remembered that he had knocked down the Father of his Country in a public court-room; what amount of influence, not to say rule, Mrs. Martha Custis, with her large fortune, exercised over the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States. But rarer than all it would have been to see Washington himself deal with one of those gentry, who should have called at Mount Vernon with a view of favoring the world with such particulars. How he treated poachers of another sort we know; he mounted his horse, and dashing into the water, rode directly up to the muzzle of a loaded musket, which he wrenched from the astounded intruder, and then, drawing the canoe to land, belabored the scamp soundly with his riding whip. How he would have faced a loaded pen, and received its owner, we can but conjecture. We have heard an old gentleman, who had lived in the neighborhood of Mt. Vernon in his boyhood, say that when the General found any stranger shooting in his grounds, his practice was to take the gun without a word, and, passing the barrel through the fence, with one effort of his powerful arm, bend it so as to render it useless, returning it afterwards very quietly, perhaps observing that his rules were very well known. The whole neighborhood, our old friend said, feared the General, not because of any caprice or injustice in his character, but only for his inflexibility, which must have had its own trials on a Southern plantation at that early day."

The hint, in the following, of the virtues of thrift and economy which supported the independence of the great statesman, ought never to be forgotten:—

WASHINGTON'S LAST YEARS.

"The evening was indeed serene, but it was not destined to be long. Two years were spent in domestic and social duty and pleasure, the old Virginia hospitality being carried to an enormous extent at Mount Vernon, over

which General and Mrs. Washington presided, with all that good sense, dignity, and *bonhomie* united, which seems now to have characterized their home life. Mrs. Washington, content with the greatness described by the wise king, looked well to her maidens, and so managed the affairs of a large establishment that 'the heart of her husband could safely trust in her, so that he had no need of spoil.' Who knows how much the good management of his household affairs had to do with Washington's superiority to the temptations of gain? The ladies should see to it that they so regulate their habits of expense that their husbands have 'no need of spoil.' The extravagant tastes of Mrs. Arnold, amiable woman though she was, are known to have heightened her husband's rapacity, and thus added to the incentives which resulted in treason and just ruin. Mrs. Washington, when she was in the highest position in the nation, wore gowns spun under her own roof, and always took care, in her conversation with the ladies about her, to exalt domestic employments, and represent them as belonging to the duty of a woman in any station. She was supposed to have written a patriotic paper, published in 1780, called 'The Sentiments of American Women,' but the authorship has not been ascertained. The energy and consistency of her patriotic feeling was, however, perfectly well understood, and she is said to have borne her part in the conversation of the distinguished company at Mount Vernon with invariable dignity and sweetness. The General had returned with unction to his rural and agricultural pursuits, keeping up his life-long habit of rising before the sun, and after breakfast making the tour of the plantation on horseback. These employments were somewhat interrupted by the speck of war which troubled our horizon in 1798, on which occasion all eyes were turned to him, and his friends and the President called upon him once more to give his services to the country. His reply was consistent with the tenor of his life: 'In case of actual invasion by a formidable force, I certainly should not intrench myself under the cover of age and retirement, if my services should be required by my country in repelling it.' Without waiting for his reply, the Senate had appointed him to the post of Commander-in-Chief, and the Secretary at War was despatched immediately to Mount Vernon with the commission, which was at once accepted. This involved Washington once more in a press of correspondence and many anxious duties; and his letters during this time show that his mind had lost none of its fertility or his judgment its soundness. He predicted at once that France would not invade the United States, and the event justified his foresight. But another enemy lay in wait for him, and to this one the hero succumbed, in the same manly spirit in which he had battled with an earthly foe. Great suffering was crowded into the twenty-four hours' illness which served to prostrate that vigorous form, and to still that active brain; but he could look up, at the last, and say—'I am not afraid to die.'"

Franklin succeeds Washington, and of Franklin it is noticeable that he never appears on any biographic stage for a few moments, or writes a few paragraphs, without doing or saying something memorable. He is the most picturesque, anecdotal man in our history. There is always something to remember him by. The Franklin sketch in this volume is written by C. F. Briggs, whose dry, inquisitive humor is an appropriate sauce for the dish. Take a few of his suggestive points:—

FRANKLINIANA.

"He was our Good Genius, who took us by

* Homes of American Statesmen, with Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches, by various writers.

the hand in our national infancy, and taught us the great art of making the most of the world. He warmed our houses by the stove which still bears his name, and protected us from the terrifying thunderbolt by his simple rod. He showered upon us lessons of wisdom, all calculated to increase our happiness, and his wise and pithy apothegms have become an important part of our language. Never before was a young nation blessed with so beneficent and generous a counsellor and guide. The influence of Franklin upon the national character is beyond estimate. He taught us alike by precept and example; and, in his autobiography, he laid the corner stone of our literature, bequeathing us a book which will always be fresh, instructive, and charming, while our language endures, or we look to literature for instruction and entertainment.

"Every schoolboy is familiar with the history of Franklin; his autobiography is our national epic; it is more read than Robinson Crusoe; and our great national museum, the Patent Office, has been filled with the results of ambitious attempts to follow in the path of the inventor of the lightning rod. One boy reads Robinson Crusoe and runs off to sea, while another reads Franklin's Life and tries for a patent, or begins to save a penny a day, that he may have three hundred pennies at the end of the year. There are writers who have accused Franklin of giving a sordid bias to our national character. But nothing could be more unjust. There is nothing sordid in the teachings of our great philosopher; while the example of his purely beneficent life has, doubtless, been the cause of many of the magnificent acts of private benevolence which have distinguished our countrymen.

"Franklin says in his autobiography, in reference to his stove, which has warmed so many generations of his countrymen, and rendered comfortable so many American homes: 'Governor Thomas was so pleased with the construction of this stove that he offered to give me a sole patent for the vending of them for a term of years; but I declined it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., that as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by an invention of ours; and this we should do freely and cordially.' No, there was no sordidness in the teachings of Franklin.

"His immortal biography was commenced at the ripe age of sixty-six, while he was in England, a time of life when most men have lost the power to instruct or amuse with the pen; but it has the ease, the freshness, and the vigor of youth. It was continued at Passy, in France, and concluded in Philadelphia. He was one of the few instances of a precocious genius maintaining his powers to an advanced period of life. There were no signs of childishness in his almost infantile compositions, or of senility in his latest productions.

"Franklin was born on the 6th of January, old style, 1706, in a house that stood on the corner of Milk street, opposite the old South Church, Boston, in which he was christened. The church is still standing, but the house has been demolished, and, in its place, there is a large and handsome granite warehouse, which is made to serve the double purpose of a store and a monument. On the frieze of the cornice is the inscription, in bold granitic letters, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF FRANKLIN. We cannot help thinking that it is just such a monument as he would have recommended, if his wishes had been consulted. But the house in which our great philosopher spent his earlier years, and to which his father removed soon after the birth of his youngest son, is still standing, very

nearly in the same condition in which it was during his youth. It is on the corner of Hanover and Union streets, and the wooden gilt ball of the old soap-boiler is still suspended from an iron crane, with the inscription, Josias Franklin, 1698. The ball is the original one, but it must have been many times regilt and relettered. The building is occupied by a shoe dealer in the lower part, but the upper rooms are in the occupancy of an industrial whose art had no existence until near a century after the death of Franklin's father. A daguerrean artist now takes likenesses in the room where the boy philosopher slept, and sat up late at night to read Defoe's Essay on Projects, and Plutarch's Lives, by the glimmering light of one of his father's own dips. It was here too that he read the Light House Tragedy, after having cut wicks all day; and it was in the cellar of this house, too, that he made that characteristic suggestion to his father, of saying grace over the barrel of beef, which he saw him packing away for the winter's use, to save the trouble of a separate grace over each piece that should be served up for dinner. This anecdote may not be strictly true, but it is perfectly characteristic, and very much like one he tells of himself, when he was the Commander-in-chief of the military forces of Pennsylvania. The chaplain of his regiment complained to him that the men would not attend prayers, whereupon, says Franklin, I said to him, 'It is perhaps below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum; but if you were only to distribute it out after prayers, you would have them all about you.' He liked the thought, undertook the task, and with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended."

Jefferson is a well-written political summary by Parke Godwin, and we may also mention the papers on Jay and Ames by W. S. and J. B. Thayer, Charles King's sketch of Rufus King, Dr. Beck's Clinton, and an anonymous paper on Henry Wheaton. The notice of Hamilton is written by James C. Carter. It contains a capital

TALLEYRAND.

"Talleyrand, the celebrated minister of Napoleon, whatever may be said of the character of his diplomacy, had a heart that was capable of friendship, and while in this country conceived a particular fondness for Hamilton; and, on his departure for France, he took from the house of the latter, without permission, a miniature belonging to Mrs. Hamilton of her husband. When fairly out of reach, he addressed a note to Mrs. Hamilton confessing the larceny, and excusing it on the ground that he wanted a copy of it, but knew that she would not let him take the original away to be copied if he had made the request. He had an excellent copy of the miniature taken upon Sèvres china, which he always kept in a conspicuous place in his apartment until late in life, when he presented it, with a lock of his hair, to a son of Hamilton, James A. Hamilton, Esq., of Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., who still retains it. The indignation of Talleyrand at the conduct of Burr in bringing about the melancholy duel was unbounded; and when Burr, subsequently to that event, was on a visit to France, he wrote a note to Talleyrand, requesting the privilege of paying him a visit. Of course the French minister could not refuse this favor to a man who had been Vice-President of the United States, and in other respects so eminent a person; but his answer was something like this: 'The Minister of Foreign Affairs would be happy to see Col. Burr at—(naming the hour); but M. Talleyrand thinks it due to

Col. Burr to state, that he always has the miniature of General Hamilton hanging over his mantel-piece."

There are two papers by Edward W. Johnston, on Madison and Patrick Henry, which are written in a more discursive, enthusiastic style than the rest, but which the editor has wisely left unpruned, though the hit at Jefferson in the following passage does not read exactly like the eulogium on a previous page:—

WIRT'S PATRICK HENRY.

"At the time when Mr. Wirt collected his materials, he was yet, though of fine natural abilities, by no means the solid man that he by and by became. His fancy was exuberant, his taste florid, his judgment unformed. Himself in high repute for a youthful and gaudy eloquence, which, however, he afterwards exchanged for a style of great severity and vigor—he had been urged to his immature and ambitious undertaking, by admirers who conceived him to be little less than a second Henry. His besetting idea seems to be much akin to Dr. Johnson's, 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat'; namely, that the life of a great orator should be written by a great orator; and that he was to show not only Mr. Henry but himself eloquent. In general, his book does him credit, as merely a literary performance, although sadly deformed, in what were intended for its best passages, by an inflation of which he must have been afterwards greatly ashamed, as a sin against all style, but especially that proper to his subject—the historic. Let us add—in simple justice to a man of great virtues and elevation, as well as gentleness of mind and feelings, whose memory has upon us, besides, the claim of public respect and of hereditary friendship—that his biography, wherever his own, is, in spite of party spirit, written with the most honorable candor, and vindicates Mr. Henry with equal fairness and ability from the aspersions cast upon his conduct in the 'Alien and Sedition' business by the Jeffersonian faction. Wherever he (Mr. Wirt) has depended upon his own researches alone, he displays both diligence and discrimination; but, unhappily, he accepted the loose popular traditions, which are never anything but a tissue of old woman's tales; he relied upon a mass of casual contributions, chiefly derived from the same legendary sources or from uncertain, confused, and (as himself lets us see) often contradictory memories. And, above all, he adopted implicitly the information supplied by a certain Thomas Jefferson; who, besides being a person of whom the sagacious and upright Henry cherished a very ill opinion—so that he could not well be supposed a very special repository of the orator's personal confidences—was a gentleman who had all his life driven rather the largest and most lucrative trade in the calumny of nearly all the best and greatest of his contemporaries, that has ever been carried on in these United States, much as that sort of commerce has long flourished and yet flourishes amongst us. Upon such things he had come to a splendid political fortune while he lived, and when he died, with a pious solicitude to provide for his posterity, he bequeathed to his grandson all the unspent capital stock of his slanders (his Memoirs and Anna) to carry on the old business with and keep up the greatness of the family."

The illustrations of Mr. Putnam's volumes remain to be mentioned. They commence with a photograph of Hancock House, which is the first time, we believe, an "original sun picture" has been employed in American book decoration. It is a good subject, well handled, and gives, at the same time, a real and chastening imaginative look to the vo-

lume. An autograph letter is given of each statesman. The wood cuts are views of houses, bits of scenery, and the biographical accessories. To some of these it would not be unsafe to apply the criticism recommended in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, that the execution would have been better had the artists taken more pains, particularly with the copies of statuary; but the rudest of them are suggestive from their subjects, and the work, upon the whole, as we have more than intimated, sustains its pretensions as a worthy American gift book.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

THERE is some hope of sounder judgments upon literary questions when we find views like those which we quote below from a source so popular, and so near in its character and influence to the Great Reading Public (as compared with the small, which is mainly composed of quidnuncs and the receivers of "presentation" copies), as the daily *Evening Transcript* of Albany. We are particularly pleased with the kindly spirit which prompts the writer to suggest that the critic should seek in each work that which is best and of most worth, rather than to fasten exclusively upon defects which, in a greater or less degree, mark all human productions. This course seems fairest to all parties interested—the author, the publisher, and the public; for each has the benefit of a liberal construction, and is put in the way of receiving a just award for whatever is characteristic and distinguishing between one book and another. With this our collateral endorsement, we hand over the sentiments of our northern contemporary:

"A correct taste in literature can only be obtained by the selection for general reading of books which have borne the test of years, or of such as in style come up to the established standard of purity, propriety and precision. It is, therefore, necessary that men who criticise for the journals the works which are continually issuing from our publishers' offices should perform their function honestly, and with the design of presenting to the public a correct synopsis of each book they review. For, from the opinions expressed by the literary critics of our newspapers, one half the reading public take their impressions of the value of a work, and purchase accordingly.

"But, in the spirit of exaggeration which marks this age, and especially its American phase, all authors and their productions are superlatively excellent, in the consideration of our reviewers. The majority of them seem to draw no distinction between style, thought and sentiment, but to allow every book criticised an equal quantum of praise, for its superiority in each of these three requisites. Now, it follows, as a consequence, either that every book written in this country is perfect, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," or that the critic is indiscriminate in his praise. If we allow that the literature of the present age is like that of others which have preceded it, not entirely perfect,—because men have always written who were unfitted, from want of education or intelligence, to produce works of merit,—we must conclude that our critics are the best natured, kindest hearted creatures in the world, unwilling to offend even the veriest Grub street scribbler, but ready to deceive the public into purchasing a poor book, that rising genius may not be

dwarfed in its growth, or high aspirations be withered in the bud.

"Now, we believe that a critic may honestly pursue a course which will reconcile all the difficulties he may encounter in attempting to satisfy the vanity of each author. In order to explain it satisfactorily, and in a manner consistent with our opinion expressed above, we will first assert that in every book there is something of excellence—that none is totally devoid of a redeeming qualification. No one, however gifted with critical acumen, can condemn *in toto* any work from the pen of a man writing in earnest, but must find there either grace of style or, in its absence, deep thought—or, in the absence of either, some sentiment of worth, some moral well pointed, some fact or observation worthy of remembrance—something, in short, which may be turned to profitable use. If a book is dull, do not throw it aside, for it may contain valuable information; if it is apparently shallow, do not condemn it, for, under a sparkling and easy style, may be concealed the golden gems of thought.

"We, therefore, say that the critic, without eulogising indiscriminately, can find a beauty or excellence of some character in every work intrusted to his examination, and, without 'damning with faint praise,' can give us an idea of the true worth of a book, while he at the same time satisfies the author.

"It is, however, in a measure true, that the American authors expect too much praise from the critics, and can hardly take in the proper spirit a well timed and well considered criticism. But this fault can never be cured if our reviewers do not take a bold stand in the matter, and fairly discharge the duty they owe to themselves as honest men, to the public as readers, and to the author as one to be corrected for his own intellectual benefit.

"Let them come up to the task manfully, and we will have better books, and their authors more appreciative readers."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

Popular Legends of Brittany. (Crosby, Nichols & Co.)—An American translation by a lady, through the German of Heinrich Bode, of the French of Souvestre's "*Foyer Breton*,"—a book well worthy of being produced in this form with the earnest German wood-cuts as a companion to the popular tales of Messrs. Grimm. The *Legends of Brittany* are quite distinctive; there is a wild, weird influence of sea and land about them which is peculiar; and they enjoy all the latitude and extravagance of machinery of the Arabian Nights. They are quaint, humorous, but with a pervading spiritual atmosphere.

Addison's Complete Works, vol. 3. Edited by Prof. Greene. (Putnam.)—The publisher is determined to keep to his promise of issuing the complete works of Addison in five volumes. The third extends to a bulk, nearly nine hundred pages, which might reasonably be divided into two. It includes the finely written political papers of the *Freeholder* which served for the special witty "leaders" of those days; the *Plebeian*, ditto; Addison's Contributions to the *Tatler*, sixty-four in number, the "first sprightly runnings" of the mirth and benevolence which were to overflow in the *Spectator*; the fifty-three papers of the *Guardian*, and the two of his friend Steele's short-lived periodical the *Lover*, of which Thackeray spoke in his lectures too slightly, probably without having particu-

larly looked into it. Very few volumes of this size so well support their pretensions. It is a bountiful book for winter and the fire-side. Its genial humor gives additional warmth to the atmosphere of this friendly Christmas season.

The Young Voyageurs, or the Boy Hunters in the North, by Captain Mayne Reid, with twelve illustrations by Harvey. (Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)—The Robinson Crusoe literature is in no danger of dying out. This is the third at least of Captain Reid's literary adventures after that fashion, in which American scenes and animal life are adapted to the wonderments of boyhood. Reading the book by the pictures, the materials are sufficiently exciting from the "fur countries" of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Poems and Parodies, by Phæbe Carey.—(Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)—The *Poems* are occasional effusions of sentiment, and may be described generally as belonging to the school of Barry Cornwall. The *Parodies* (of kindred poems) jar with the feeling expressed in the earlier portions of the volume.

Passion Flowers. (Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)—Passion is a sacred word with those who know the true worth of poetry, but it has not been assumed in vain by the anonymous writer of this volume. The topics of the heart and the intellect, of the cruel ways of the world, of the hopes of states and of the individual man of Europe and America, have a freshness in their treatment which is the best guarantee of their sincerity. A few lines of the poem "*Mortal and Immortal*" will show an unhackneyed pen among the crowd of sentimental versifiers of the day:

Oh! life is strange and full of change,
But it brings me little sorrow,
For I came to the world but yesterday,
And I shall go to heaven to-morrow.

A few short years of smiles and tears,
Of suffering not in vain,
And the weary smart of a wounded heart
I never shall know again.

I've wept for the bride at her husband's side,
I've smiled on the loved one's bier,
For a mystery was shown to me,—
A thing of hope and fear.

Who sows in tears his early years
May find the golden sheaves;
Who scatters flowers in summer bowers
Shall reap but their withered leaves.

A wayward child, on whom hath smiled
The light of heavenly love;
A pilgrim with a vision dim,
Of something far above.

I live for all who on me call,
And yet I live for one;
My song must be sweet to all I meet,
And yet I sing to none.

Talpa: or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm. An Agricultural Fragment, by C. W. H., with an introduction and notes by Lewis F. Allen. (Buffalo: Danforth, Hawley & Co.)—A clay farm is at first sight as unpromising a subject in a literary as in an agricultural point of view, but the author has in his under-current of humor as unailing a resource against dryness in his book as in his subsoil draining against the opposite failing of his field. The volume, which is one of moderate compass, relates the experience of a gentleman who, without any knowledge of farming beyond the perusal of two or three hooks on the sub-

jeet, suddenly finds himself the somewhat reluctant possessor of a farm a large portion of whose superficies is occupied by swampy meadow. He however goes manfully to work reducing theory to practice, lays his subsoil draining tiles, and to the astonishment of the old farmers about him converts a waste to fertile fields. The work is illustrated with some wood-cuts filling up occasional half pages at the ends of chapters in Geo. Cruikshank's happiest vein, and the American editor's notes also form a valuable addition to the book.

Love's Lesson; In the World but not of the World, by Cousin Alice; *Herbert Atherton; The Baron's little Daughter*. (Gen. Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union.)—These four volumes are issued in an attractive style by the Society whose imprint they bear, for the instruction and amusement of the many thousand children of the denomination from which it emanates. The instruction they afford is in harmony with that of the Bible and the Prayer Book; they have the guarantee of careful editorship, and are in every way safe and expedient gifts for children whether in or out of Sunday school.

Lines for the Gentle and the Loving. By Thomas MacKellar. (Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)—A small volume of fugitive poems on topics of every-day life, many of them written in a humorous tone. The versification is smooth—the matter somewhat commonplace.

Carl Krinken: his Christmas Stocking. (Putnam & Co.)—This little volume is likely to be one of the best thumbed on Ellen Montgomery's book-shelf (which we trust is to be a long one); to which it belongs. Miss Wetherell succeeds as well with juvenile auditors as with children of a riper growth. Her delightful character of Flea in the opening of *Queechy* showed how well she could paint and how well she understood a child, so that it is not surprising that she should essay in a delightful field of authorship—that of writing for children. The present volume is apropos in subject for Christmas tide, and many a child will, we trust, pass some of the hours of his holiday week over its pleasant pages.

A New History of the United States of America, for the use of Schools. By John Lord. (Phila.: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.)—A well prepared compendium of our national history, brought down to the year 1851. The work is well arranged, and written in a clear and attractive style. The value of the volume is enhanced by a series of military and other maps.

The Continuity of the Church of England in the Sixteenth Century. Two Discourses, with an Appendix and Notes, by the Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D. (Stanford & Swords.)—This important point in ecclesiastical history is treated by Dr. Seabury with great clearness and ability. He has given in his two sermons a connected history of the English Reformation, referring the reader for proofs of his statements on disputed points to the appendix, which constitutes the larger portion of the volume, thus preserving the continuity of his narrative, and satisfying those who may wish an exhaustive treatment of the topic. The work is, in style, temper, and thoroughness, an admirable specimen of controversial literature.

Memoir of the Rev. Philip Henry, by his

son the Rev. Matthew Henry, the Commentator.—An abridgment of this well known religious biography, executed by J. B. Williams, and issued by the American Tract Society.

The Lectures, complete, of Father Gavazzi, as delivered in New York, reported by an eminent Stenographer. (Dodd.)—An authorized edition, with the "imprimatur" of Gavazzi himself, and a life, by G. B. Nicolini, "his friend and fellow exile, author of a History of the last Roman Republic."

Carpenter on Alcoholic Liquors. (Blanchard & Lea.)—A new edition of a London Prize Essay, now adapted by its cheapness to serve the cause of temperance as a popular manual of the subject.

The *Art Journal* for December closes the year with a capitally engraved Raphael, "The Madonna and Child," from the picture in the Berlin Museum; a series of Mediæval Art Manufactures from the articles forming the Wallenstein Collection at Kensington Palace; a page illustrating the paintings of Hubert Robert, and the usual representation of the Vernon Gallery. This latter approaches its completion, and is to be succeeded by a new series, "such as cannot fail to gratify as well as to astonish all lovers of art."

Meyer's United States Illustrated. Parts 6 and 7 of the parallel series, "East" and "West," are well filled with new pictures of the novel regions of Iowa, Minnesota, and the Upper Mississippi, with characteristic sketches of Niagara, Mount Vernon, and other more familiar localities. The letter-press, edited by C. A. Dana, is ample, and will give permanent value to this publication. The same publisher's "Universum" reproduces the scenery and localities of the Old World with much spirited writing.

MESSRS. BANGS, BROTHER & Co. have received, among other new issues of the London press, the second volume of Carruther's edition of the *Life and Works of Pope*, an edition which shows the work of the scholar without the pedantry which in old times too often accompanied that personage. The editor is "up" to the requirements and mental qualities of the present London school of the Foresters, Cunninghams, and Leigh Hunts. The *Mutiny of the Bounty* reaches us in the condensed columns of Cooke's National Library, which also furnishes a compact edition of *Rison's Robin Hood Ballad*, a shilling sterling per copy—cheap enough for two of the best acted romances of the world by sea and land—with a new volume of Miss Bremer, containing *The Neighbors, The Twins*, and several other Tales. Victor Hugo's *Rhine* also appears in a cheap dress, with additional facts and figures as a guide for tourists. Bohn's Libraries furnish *Adam Smith's Moral Sentiments* in the Standard Library, *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*, an Exposition of the Principles of the Cours de Philosophie Positive; in the Scientific, a volume for the Antiquarian of the *Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy of Ordericus Vitalis*, and for the Classical a volume of *Cicero's Philosophical Writings*, including the treatise on the Nature of the Gods, with an Appendix to the translation of *Æschylus*, being the new readings in Hermann's Posthumous Edition.

The Alain Family; a Tale of the Norman Coast, from the French of Alphonse Karr, a translation by Robert B. Brough in Ingram,

Cooke & Co.'s Illustrated Family Novelist, is a first instalment in English of the genius of an author who for some time has been steadily working his way in the London periodicals. His forte is the *genre* style of romance, somewhat after the manner of Zehokke's Tales of Village Life. He can celebrate a birth-day, or touch a sorrow gently, and is hence a welcome guest to the fireside. In the same series we have *Blanche the Huguenot*, a tale by William Anderson, of the old plot of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with an appendix sustaining its lessons of fiction from actual history. Both of these works are illustrated with spirit and effect. *Fitz Alcun, the First Lord Mayor*, is a new volume of the London City Tales, by Miss E. M. Stewart, and, like the rest of the series, a model of cheap luxury in publication. In the *Public and Domestic Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke* we have a companion volume to Messrs Ingram & Co.'s edition of Boswell's Johnson. Burke was an anecdotic man, and the main points of his career have been readily seized in this instance by his illustrators both of pen and pencil. In another walk, and of the present day, the same publishers issue *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman*, by Cuthbert Bede, with a very Punchy set of cuts, setting forth the humors of college life. The *Illustrated London Library*, a series which embraces a large stock of solid information on Australia, Nineveh, and other geographical, antiquarian, and industrial topics, now includes a new volume—*The Three Presidencies of India*; a history of the rise and progress of the British Indian Possessions, by John Copper, late Editor of the *Ceylon Advertiser*, who takes hold of the great questions of the country in a vigorous, independent manner. *A Handbook of Foliage and Foreground Drawing*, by George Banvard, is a useful volume in elementary studies, and may teach something to older artists by its numerous examples of trees, shrubs, climbing, meadow and water plants, with the accompanying explanations for acquiring the characteristic touch for each. Sixty lithograph plates show the variety, with practicable studies of these departments.

The Testimony of the Poets (Mussey & Co.), is a collection of minor poems, some eighty in number, of the English language, illustrating what may be called the doctrines of Universalism. These range among authors from Joseph Addison to N. P. Willis, drawing largely upon Chauncy Hare Townshend, Tennyson, Whittier, and others. Such a book has inevitably an air of special pleading, but the poetry is good poetry *per se*, and is most admirably printed.

Putnam's Monthly for January has the opening of Mrs. Kirkland's papers on Washington—a sketch of his early days, with several cheerful illustrations by Darley; more of New York Daguerreotypes; some capital travelling papers, one in particular descriptive of Hayti; a biographical sketch of Joan d'Arc, with some pregnant reflections on the spiritual necessities of all ages, by the Rev. S. Osgood; and two noticeable poems, a commemoration of the wine of Lebanon, by Bayard Taylor, and *The Conqueror's Grave*, from the pen, we believe, of Bryant, of whose pure expression and truthfulness of sentiment it will be a long cherished example.

POETRY.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

THERE comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall like flakes of light
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh
The last pale flowers that look
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind,

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,
Oh soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find!

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West;—
The wind that stops to rest
Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

—Graham's Mag. for Jan.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

[From the late numbers of "Notes and Queries."]

"DAYS OF MY YOUTH."

THE following lines are understood to have been written by the late Mr. St. George Tucker, of Virginia, U. S.:—

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away,
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! all your visions are flown!

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall,
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall!
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay!

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile can ye last;

Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod,
Hopes of my age! be ye fix'd on your God!
St. GEORGE TUCKER, Judge.

SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS WITH A DIGEST OF ALL THE READINGS.

I am exceedingly obliged to your correspondent "Este" for his suggestions, and need not say that any sincere advice will be most respectfully considered. In the second volume of my folio edition of Shakspeare, I am partially endeavoring to carry out the design to which he alludes, by giving a digest of all the readings up to the year 1684. How is it possible to carry out his wish farther with any advantage? I should feel particularly thankful for a satisfactory reply to the following questions in relation to this important subject:—1. As many copies of the first and other folio editions, as well as nearly all the copies of the same quarto editions, differ from each other, how are these differences to be treated? What copies are to be taken for texts, and how many copies of each are to be collated? 2. Are such books as Beckett, Jackson, and others, to be examined? If not, are any conjectural emendations of the last and present centuries to be given? Where is the line to be drawn? A mere selection is valueless, or next to valueless; because, setting aside the differences in opinion in such matters, we want to know what conjectures are new, and which are old? 3. Are the various readings suggested in periodicals to be given? 4. Can any positive and practical rules be furnished, likely to render such an undertaking useful and successful?

J. O. HALLIWELL.

COMMUNATORY INSCRIPTIONS IN BOOKS.

Many inscriptions, comminatory or exhortatory, written in books and directed to readers, have been commemorated in the "N. & Q." Towards the beginning of the present century, the most common epigram of the kind in the French public schools was the following elegant motto, with its accompanying illustration:—

"Aspice Pierrot pendu,
Quod librum n'a pas rendu!"

Poor Pierrot is exhibited in a state of suspension, as hanging from the inverted letter L (T), which symbolizes the fatal tree. Comminatory and exhortatory cautions not to soil, spoil, or tear books and MSS. occur so frequently in the records of monastic libraries, that a whole album could easily be filled with them. The coquettish bishop, Venantius Fortunatus, has a distich on the subject. Another learned Goth, Theud-wulf, or Theodulfus, Charlemagne's *Misus dominicus*, recommends readers a proper ablution of their hands before turning the consecrated leaves:

"Utere me, lector, mentisque in sede locato!
Cumque librum petis hinc, sit tibi lota manus!"
Saith Library.

Less lenient are the imprecations commemorated by Don Martenne and Wanley. The one inscribed on the blank leaf of a Sacramentary of the ninth century is to the following effect:—

"Si quis eum (librum) de monasterio aliquo ingenio non redditurus, abstraxerit, eum Juda proditore, Anna et Caipha, portionem eterne damnationis accipiat. Amen! Fia!"—*Voyage Littéraire*, p. 67.

That is fierce and fiery, and in very earnest.

A manuscript of the Bodleian bears this other inscription, to the same import:—

"Liber Sanctæ Mariæ de Ponte Roberti. Qui eum abstulerit aut vendiderit aut quamlibet ejus partem absciderit, sit anathema maranatha."

Canisius, in his *Antiquæ Lectionis* (t. ii. p. 3. 320.), transcribes another comminatory distich, copied from a manuscript of the St. Gall library:—

"Auferat hunc librum nullus hinc, omne per ævum,
Cum Gallo partem quisquis habere cupit!"

PHILARETE CHASLES, Mazarinæus.

PARIS, Palais de l'Institut.

AMERICAN EPITAPH.

The following lines are to be seen on a tombstone in Virginia:—

"My name, my country, what are they to thee?"

What whether high or low my pedigree!
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men:
Perhaps I fell behind them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb,
Thou know'st its use; it hides—no matter whom."

Malta.

W. W.

BEN JONSON'S BURIAL.

So Ben Jonson was buried at Westminster, probably on account of the large fee demanded for a full-sized grave. It was long supposed by many that the story was invented to account for the smallness of the grave-stone; but the grave being opened a few years ago, the dramatist's remains were discovered in the attitude indicated by tradition.

HENRY GOUGH.

EMBERTON, BUCKS.

In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, vol. i. p. 106, we have:—

"No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby
'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.

Besides, in the place,
They say there's not space
To bury what wet nurses call 'a Babby.'
Even 'rare Ben Jonson,' that famous wight,
I am told, is interred there bolt upright,
In just such a posture beneath his bust,
As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust."

Is there any authority for the statement?

ERICA.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

Lieber, in the last chapter of his *Civil Liberty*, treating of this dictum, ascribes its origin to the Middle Ages, acknowledging, however, that he is unable to give anything very definite. Sir William Hamilton, in his edition of the *Works* of Thomas Reid, gives the concluding words of Hesiod's *Works and Days*, thus:—

"The word proclaimed by the concordant voice of mankind fails not; for in man speaks God."

And to this the great philosopher adds:—

"Hence the adage (†), 'Vox Populi vox Dei.' The sign of interrogation is Sir William Hamilton's, and he was right to put it; for whatever the psychological connection between Hesiod's dictum and V. P. V. D. may be, there is surely no historical. "Vox Populi vox Dei" is a different concept, breathing the spirit of a different age.

How far back, then, can the dictum in these words be traced?

Does it, as Lieber says, originally belong to the election of bishops by the people?

Or was it of Crusade origin?

America begs Europe to give her facts, not speculation, and hopes that Europe will be good enough to comply with her request. Europe has given the serious "V. P. V. D." to America, so she may as well give its history to America too.

AMERICUS.

[As this Query of "Americus" contains some new illustration of the history of this phrase, we have given it insertion, although the subject has already been discussed in our columns. The writer will, however, find that the earliest known instances of the use of the saying are, by William of Malmesbury, who, speaking of Odo yielding his consent to be Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 920, says: "Recognitans illud Proverbum, Vox Populi vox Dei;" and by Walter Reynolds, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as we learn from Walsingham, took it as his text for the sermon which he preached when Edward III. was called to the throne, from which the people had pulled down Edward II. "Americus" is farther referred to Mr. Cornwell Lewis's *Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion* (pp. 172, 173, and the accompanying notes) for some interesting remarks upon it.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BOKER'S TRAGEDY, LEONOR DE GUZMAN.
Philadelphia, Dec., 1853.

GENTLEMEN,—The new tragedy, *Leonor de Guzman*, by George H. Boker, Esq., which was recently produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, ought to have received before now some notice at my hands. The heroine was represented by Miss Julia Dean; and though the character is one which demands the most exalted order of histrionic ability, it was performed in a manner which did the author no injustice. In the present condition of the stage, however, it seems impossible to produce a new play in a manner that will enable the public to appreciate and enjoy the full measure of its merits; and without uttering useless complaints against a general and inevitable evil, I may remark that the success of the tragedy—for it was entirely successful—is to be ascribed to its own literary merits.

Mr. Boker's dramatic triumphs reflect lustre upon American letters. His *Calaynos* is justly ranked in England with Talfourd's *Ion*, and with equal academic elegance, is superior to that cold but classic work in dramatic power. *Anne Boleyn* is a tragedy of a still higher order of merit, and ranks with the best productions of the dramatic muse since the days of Southern. *The Betrothal* is, whether as a play or a poem for the closet, one of the most tender and beautiful efforts of the age; and *Leonor de Guzman*, though unlike his other pieces, is equal to the best of them. But this does not complete the catalogue. Mr. Boker has now, as I understand, another tragedy—his masterpiece—in the hands of an eminent performer, who is about to bring it upon the stage; and still another rests completed, or nearly so, in his portfolio.

The passages of history which form the basis of *Leonor de Guzman* are familiar to every student. At a period when not only the customs but the principles of society sanctioned such connections, she was not

only the favorite, but the counsellor of Alfonso king of Spain; and in this exalted sphere displayed abilities so splendid, a loyalty so devoted, and a dignity so elevated, as to inspire universal admiration. At the height of her glory, the death of the king plunged her into disgrace and a prison—the victim of the vengeance of an enraged wife and queen, whose place she had usurped and whose splendor she had eclipsed. She, however, struggled intrepidly against her destiny; and as the power of the nobles, in that age, vied with and contended against that of the monarch, she sought to strengthen her interest by marrying her son to Juana de Villena, niece of the powerful Don Juan Nunez de Lara. The maternal love and lofty ambition of Leonor, and her heroic struggle against the foes of her house, constitute the main subject of the drama; while the loves of Don Henri, her son, and Juana, supply the topics of auxiliary interest. The mother triumphs, but perishes in the moment of her victory. The plot has every merit of depth, simplicity, directness, and unity; curiosity is constantly excited, renewed, and borne onward; and the interest is heightened, with a regularly swelling climax, up to the catastrophe. The incidents are natural and highly dramatic, and though sufficiently abounding, are not, after the faulty manner of the day, crowded or obtrusive. The management of the story has the rare merit of concealed art, and is highly effective, and the situations are all striking and dramatic. The characters also are conceived with distinctness, and portrayed with vigor; and their dialogue, while it abounds with poetical beauties, has the higher dramatic merit of spirit, nature, and power. As an acting play, therefore, it possesses every requisite of popularity, and may be classed among the most successful in its power to enchain the attention and excite the sympathies. These results are sometimes attained exclusively by a knowledge of what are called *effects*, and by the skilful employment of only moderate poetical abilities. It is not difficult, at least with writers of talent and stage experience, to construct an interesting dramatic tale, to fill it with exciting action and tumid declamation, to array coarse contrasts of strongly doctored characters, to throw its *dramatis personæ* into striking situations; in short, to fill the theatre, behind the foot-lights, with vulgar exaggerations and popular excitement, and before them "with stupid stares and with loud huzzas."

But such is not the task nor the triumph of the true dramatic poet; and such is not Mr. Boker's. While his characters live before you with an intense and perfect individuality, their respective peculiarities are disclosed—not by broad, contrasted, and clumsy traits, but by a portraiture so natural, unstrained, and easy, that they are recognised and realized as persons, not regarded as types. His plots, too, while thrilling in their power, and reared with the utmost knowledge and control of stage effect, are the *action of passion*: they develop in connected and natural events, and derive their magical influence over the audience—not from a coarse accumulation of miracles, marvels, and monstrosities, incident huddled upon incident, passion jostled by passion, a chaos of unnatural sentiment, rage, and rant, at which the undisturbed soul smiles with disdain—but from the right royal prerogative of genius, the

power of the poet to arouse, excite and control the deepest tides of the human heart. Our English drama—that of the school which, while it recognised Shakspeare as its master, was not without those worthy to be his companions—is, perhaps, unrivalled. It constitutes the richest mine of English literature; and it is marvellous that not only its genius and spirit, but even its tone and manner, have been so entirely lost. The frigid or foaming abortions of the last century and a half do not seem to belong to the same people, so utterly are they unlike the good old English drama. To this sweeping but deserved censure, Mr. Boker is one of the very few exceptions. Without the slightest tendency to imitation, without resemblance to the peculiarities of style which marked any one of the old dramatists, so dissimilar in manner, yet so alike in inspiration, still it is obvious that he has drank at the same fountains—genius and nature. There is the only true blank verse of the drama; and his has the same traits, so easy, flowing, and natural, yet so vigorous, dense, and fiery; the verse of conversation, never stiff nor stiltish, yet varying with every mood, from the loftiest to the lightest, and natural in all. This, always a grand merit, is now a most rare one, and it belongs to Mr. Boker. But the same remark holds good in regard to every characteristic of the old drama—Mr. Boker inherits all. It is impossible for one closely familiar with our glorious old playwrights, to listen to a single scene of Mr. Boker's without an impression that it must have been taken bodily from some inestimable drama which escaped the cook's execrated holocaust, and which now revisits the glimpses of the moon to astonish and delight us. But however largely he shares in the inspiration of the old dramatists, he is equally distinguished for originality.

The reader will, however, be better pleased with specimens of the author than with comments on his style; and I esteem myself fortunate in being able to afford a few passages, *extracted wholly at random*. The following is from the opening scene. It is a colloquy between Coronel, an old and surly soldier, and Canedo, his liege-man and friend, and will give an idea of the lighter and more familiar manner of the poet:—

"CORONEL.

The saints relieve me from my governorship!
My honors hang about me like wide clothes
Upon a shrunken body. I scarce move
Without some awkward stumble, plainly showing

My great unfitness for my great command.
I'll never make a courtier. Look, Canedo,
How do these silken slops become a frame
Worn gaunt in armor! Does this feathered
cap
Droop o'er the ugly line my helmet fretted
Round my bald forehead? Can this chain and
key
Cover my gashes! Or this slender staff
Bear the huge weight of my uncourtly limp
Through bows and cringes! Bah! I spat at
fortune
When I forsook the wars.

CANEDO.

Despite thy *baa*,
One sees the wolf's teeth grinning plain
enough
Through the sheep's fleece.

CORONEL.

Ay, there's the curse of it!
But yesterday I had a boon to ask—
I vow I asked it in my smoothest phrase—

When, to my horror, Donna Leonor
Laughed in my face, and said, in her mild
way,
'Out with your dagger, Coronel! The act
Would fit the voice.'

CANEDO.

And thou!

CORONEL.

And I! I ran—

Broke through the maidens, like a hurricane
Through the rose-gardens of Granada—ran
To find a mandolin, and pitch my voice
Down to its finest note," &c.

I give the above as specimens of the facility with which the author renders the careless and conversational tone of his inferior characters into sterling English blank verse. No language, living or dead, has the peculiar fitness for the drama, the power of dallying with the most ordinary thoughts, and of rising through every key to the utmost pitch of solemnity, sublimity or passion, without losing the tone of real life and nature, which belongs to English blank verse, as written by our Elizabethan dramatists. Gray said that Home, the author of *Dougllass*, had alone retained this command of our noblest metre, but the compliment was hardly deserved by the monotonous melody of Home's verse. This merit will be accorded to Mr. Boker by every just and judicious critic. The scene following that from which I have just quoted supplies a specimen of his more exalted style—though in an even and unimpassioned scene, intended to open the subject and introduce the characters. Leonor de Guzman is discovered seated in state and surrounded by nobles. The occasion is the investiture of her youngest son with the crimson scarf of the order of *La Banda*, and the reception of the ambassador of a rebel party, which proposes to raise her to the throne:—

"LARA.

Arise, Don Tello, of the crimson band,
A noble knight and brother in our arms!
I thus salute thee. (Embraces him.)

LEONOR.

And, I pledge my faith,
He shall prove worthy of the dignity.
I pray you, gentlemen, make way for me
(advancing);

A mother's kiss should not be last to greet
The honors of a son. (Kisses Don Tello.)

Don Tello, know

The order was bestowed to spur thee on
To actions that may make thy youth appear
Equal with our bestowing. This fair badge
Is not an ornament for festal days,
A ribbon to enrich thy vanity;
But the illustrious mark by which Castile
Knows her great children, and can turn to
them

With confident assurance of such deeds
As raised her glory to its present height.
Thy breast is girt as with a ring of fire:
An evil act within its circle looks
Prodigious to beholders, and draws all
To fix their concentrated gaze upon
The splendid criminal. Small flames on
heights

Show further than great fires in humble spots;
And they who see them from the vale below,
Oft take a candle for a meteor.
Remember this; and fear thy slightest fault
May spread corruption through an émpery.

LARA (apart to Villena).

Right royal that, and to the purpose too:
Some one has told her of Don Tello's slips.

VILLENA (apart to Lara).

Ay, if a lance-head ever fray that band,
Charge me with scandal.

LARA.

Hark! there's more to come.

LEONOR.

Don Tello, thy renown lies next my heart,
Close to thy father's. I have much to say;—
But no, not here. A mother's privilege
Borders too near the sanctity of prayer
For public ears. Call the ambassador.
(*Resumes her state. Flourish. Enter the ambassador from the rebel Don Juan Manuel, with gentlemen, soldiers, &c., bearing sumptuous presents.*)

AMBASSADOR (kissing Donna Leonor's hand).
Lady, my lord salutes you with these gifts,
Rather as evidence of his good will
Than as fit offering to your deserts.
The gods who scorned the shepherd's sacrifice
Of curds and wine, and bleeding throats of
lambs,
Looked not unkindly on the worshipper,
Despite the simple service of his hands.

LEONOR.

Pray you, end there. To offer mortal ears
That which becomes divinity alone,
Insults its majesty and our plain sense.
The power I hold is delegated trust
From the true centre of all power, the king.
If you have business that concerns the state,
I'll hear with patience; if you deal with
heaven,
Carry your incense to the nearest church.

LARA (apart to Villena).

Mark the ambassador! That lofty stride
Tripped up his earthly progress.

VILLENA.

How he burns!
His throat is full of thistles.

LEONOR.

Is there aught
Between Don Manuel and his majesty
That our discourse may further?

AMBASSADOR.

Much, your grace,
But not intended for publicity.

LEONOR.

Speak out. The government deserves distrust
That stops the people's ears while it debates.

AMBASSADOR.

Your wishes are commands. Don Manuel,
Sometime in arms against his sovereign,
Proffers his fealty to you, and swears
To be your liegeman, on a single term.

LEONOR.

Name it. The king would stretch his clemency
To make a friend of his illustrious foe.

AMBASSADOR.

'Tis a condition pleasant to the king,
And honorable to her from whom 'tis urged:
Simply, that Don Alfonso should divorce
That hag of Portugal.

LEONOR.

Sir, let me say
That is no title in Castilian ears
To know their queen by. How now, gentlemen,

Is there no gauntlet down upon the word!
You downcast men, do you not blush to see
The spurs of chivalry upon your heels!
(*Lara, Villena, and other knights throw down their gauntlets before the ambassador.*)

There, on my faith, you see 'tis raining steel!
Thou backward, Tello! (*He throws his gauntlet.*)

And, to crown them all,
Behold a prince's glove upon the heap!
Bear our defiance to Don Manuel;
And say, a word of treason is a spell
To conjure up such royal storms as this,
In our Castilian air. Your pardon, sir;
We check your lord, not his ambassador.
What follows this!

AMBASSADOR.

Your coronation, lady.
After divorcement of the queen, my lord
Would see the imperfect throne made whole
by you.

LEONOR.

What say you, sirs! My lord of Lara, speak!

LARA.

I only may repeat the general voice,
Strengthened by sanction from the king himself.

Accept the offer, not as his alone,
But as the constant wish of all Castile.

LEONOR.

Speak, Don Fernando.

VILLENA.

Lara's choice is mine.

LEONOR.

My son, Don Tello!

TELLO.

If they make me royal,
I'll fill my office with what grace I can.

LEONOR.

Ah! gentlemen, it is your private hopes
Of what may follow to yourselves, through me,
That hurries this advancement.

LARA.

You mistake,
At least in me, the object of our hopes.
Through you Castile would flourish—

LEONOR.

Has it not!
If naught's accomplished, nothing can I do.
I found this land an armed wilderness,
A chain of citadels, and all between
Was desolation trampled into dust
By a fierce soldiery, who only brooked
The fiercer orders of their savage chiefs.
So, in the midst, I built a house of peace,
An unwall'd palace, full of open doors;
And round about I spread a garden plot,
Hedged it with flowers, and from its sculptured
urns

I sent the streams back to their native heaven,
Returned in music. No defence was mine,
Save the imploring weakness of the flowers,
The scented dews my fountains scattered out,
And the light blushes of my garrison.
Yet at my gate War laid aside his spear,
And vines ran round it, from the hand-worn
grasp

Up to the steely point, whence blossoms hung
Trembling with horror. Ay, the rugged god
Doffed his grim casque, and sat beside my
feet,

Until I schooled him with the mandolin;
Or taught his awkward limbs to move apace
In other measures than the martial tread.
Are these things naught? These are my
conquests, sirs,

And she who steps beyond her threshold's
dust,

To play Achilles in her woman's gear,
Shall find the sword hilt frets her dainty
hand,
And the great helmet makes her forehead
ache."

Leonor refuses the crown thus proffered to her, and has hardly done so before she receives intelligence of the death of the king. This scene is wrought up with surprising skill, and is full of power. The friends of her prosperity fall off from her; and the struggles of a mighty grief with an equally great ambition are delineated with great ability. I have no room for such extracts as would exhibit the power of the author in representing the conflicts of passion, but cannot forbear giving the following reflections of Leonor over the bier of the monarch:—

"Blame not the leaves for falling with the
trunk.

Here lies in death the noble tree from which
Castilian honor drew its only sap.
Alas! thy branches sheltered noisome weeds,
That sucked their living from thy generous
roots;

And thou didst drop o'er them thy health-
ful dews,
And smiled, as if thou'dst nurtured gentle
flowers.

When such as he o'erturn, the world around
Is strewn with ruin. Son, depart at once:
Gather thy friends; or, shouldst thou fail
perchance,
Then join me in Seville. My mind is clear,
And wholesome blood runs through my
veins again."

In Seville she encounters the intrigues of
the minister, Albuquerque, and the rage and
vengeance of the queen. These characters
are drawn with great spirit, and the contest
affords scenes of almost terrible effect and
power. An attempt is even made upon the
life of Leonor by the queen, in the presence
of her son, the king, who interposes and pro-
tects her. The answer of the queen to the
rebuke of the outraged monarch is one of
the finest passages in the entire range of the
drama:—

"Don Pedro, pardon me.

The open insult of my fellow queen—
She who was reigning, while I staid at home,
To rock your cradle, and to suckle you—
Moved me a little. And, beside, my liege,
There are some years of suffering on my
brow—

Pray, mark my lady's—it is very smooth—
And some harsh lines of silver in my hair,
While hers is glossy with untroubled ease.
The rose has burned to ashes on my face,
Yet lives again in her transparent cheek.
She can go through her fingers, and record
A loving child upon each dainty tip;
I have but one, and he forgets to love!"

The tragedy abounds in passages of equal
merit with the foregoing; and to undertake
to extract scenes of high dramatic power and
portions of rare poetical beauty, would be to
copy the entire play. I do not hesitate to
affirm that the century has not produced an
English dramatic effort of greater, if of
equal, merit. Nor is this merit constituted
by certain excellences which, however great,
are balanced by defects; its power and
beauty are equal and uniform. Whether for
the stage or the closet, whether in the suc-
cessful management of a thrilling story, in
the vivid and vigorous yet delicate portrai-
ture of character, in presenting scenes and
situations of surpassing effectiveness, or in
scattering, with a lavish hand, passages of
noblest poetry—in all that combines to con-
stitute what Aristotle considers to be the
most difficult and glorious triumph of the
human intellect, a truly good tragedy—it is a
work of which the country may be proud.

LOGAN.

SONNET,

*Suggested by reading Professor Henry Reed's
Memoir of the late Mrs. Henry Nelson Cole-
ridge, the daughter of S. T. Coleridge.*

Was not that woman blest above her peers,
Upon whose head worth, genius, beauty set
Their triple crown,—whose infant glances met

The star-like eyes of poets and of seers,—
Whose soul, by wisdom nursed through ripen-
ing years,

Grew to that high companionship; and yet
Whose cheek with woman's smile was glad,
with tears

Of woman's gushing tenderness was wet?
To whose young spirit, bending by the stream

Fed from the crystal founts of ancient lore,
Love came, to shed the glory of a dream
O'er the clear waters and the solemn shore:
Whose heart, 'neath brows where early lau-
rels gleam,
Enshrined home's sacred joys! Could earth
have yielded more!

W.

Philadelphia.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The *North American Review* changes its editor
and publishers with the New Year, Messrs.
Little & Brown delivering the latter function to
the hands of Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co.,
and the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, of Port-
smouth, N. H., succeeding Professor Bowen.

The *Register*, the Protestant Episcopal
Church paper of Philadelphia, is merged in the
Church Journal of this city. The *Register*
was not only a judicious religious journal, but
was supported by a corps of valuable con-
tributors, who gave it much efficiency as an
organ of opinion within its sphere on literary
and political topics.

The Trustees of the Astor Library give no-
tice that the Library will be open for admis-
sion of visitors on the 9th of January next,
from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M., and for this purpose
only, at the same hours, every day except
Sunday during the residue of the month. At
the expiration of this time, when the first in-
flux of visitors will have subsided, it will be
opened for its appropriate use, under regula-
tions which will be made known at the Librar-
y. For the governance of the public none
need now be communicated but the following:
Every person is freely admitted to the library
without any ticket or other ceremony, on the
simple condition of correct demeanor. No
one except those in charge of the library is
permitted to enter the alcoves or remove a
book from its place. Smoking is not allowed
in any part of the building.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is expected to com-
mence a course of six lectures on "Topics of
Modern Times," in Philadelphia, January 3.

The Trustees of Princeton College have
elected Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smith-
sonian Institution, and formerly Professor of
Natural Sciences at Princeton, Professor of
Applied Sciences. This new professorship,
says the *Newark Advertiser*, is to give a practi-
cal application of science to the requirements
of life. It will be of great utility, and under
the direction of Professor Henry, will become
one of the most prominent features of the
institution. Whether Professor Henry's ac-
ceptance will involve his retirement from the
Smithsonian Institution is not mentioned.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is to deliver an
Inaugural Address as Honorary President of
the Associated Societies of Edinburgh Univer-
sity about the middle of January.

One of the most eminent of living Judges
(query, Talfourd?), says the *London Athenæum*,
"has composed a number of sonnets, which,
after the example of William von Humboldt,
he designs to have published after events have
put it out of the power of the literary critic
to beard the Judge in his ermine."

Hamlet was lately performed in a Swedish
translation, for the first time, in Stockholm.

Mr. William Chambers, in taking leave of
the United States after his visit of the last
season, records, in a letter to the *Tribune*, his
opinions of the country:—"I leave the United
States with much regret. I carry with me
the conviction that a great and splendid future
is before them. Contrary to the opinion of
most travellers from England, I see here a
young but rapidly growing nation offering

an example to the oldest communities in
Europe. It is far from my wish to flatter; but
what do I not feel vast delight in seeing? I
am overcome with the stupendous proportions
and capacity of the country—its far-reaching
field for human subsistence and happiness; of
the American people, so little understood and
often misrepresented, I candidly own that
their remarkable love of order, their energy
and perseverance, their love of independence,
their striking sobriety, their admirable educa-
tional systems, their many excellent libraries,
and universal fondness for reading, their press
free from fiscal exactions, their flourishing
religious institutions untampered by civil
polity, their economically and spiritedly got
up railways, now pushed half way to the Pa-
cific, the neatness of their dwellings, their—
and to an Englishman, alarming—progress in
the mechanical arts, the marvellous growth of
their cities, and I will add their civility to
strangers—I say all this gives me unqualified
pleasure. And when I contrast their cities,
free of pauperism and vice in its most loath-
some forms, with what meets the eye in Lon-
don, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large
cities in Britain, I feel that travellers from the
old country have really little reason to speak
disdainfully of America, or to exaggerate faults
which at most are only partial and of no sort
of account."

A volume of Poems by Frederick Tennyson
is announced by Messrs. Parker.

Moxon publishes for the holidays an illus-
trated edition of "Keats's Poetical Works,"
with 40 designs, original and from the antique,
drawn on wood by George Scharf, Jun., the
illustrator of the small 4to. of Macaulay's
"Lays of Ancient Rome."

A new work, from the pen of Mr. William
Stirling, is "Don John of Austria," written, we
presume, in the style of the author's "Cloister
Life of Charles V."

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett promise "Me-
moirs and Correspondence of Major General
Sir W. Nott, Envoy at the Court of Lucknow."

From the same publishers, "The Song of
Roland, as Chanted before the Battle of Has-
tings by the minstrel Taillefer," translated by
the author of "Emilia Wyndham."

A series of reprints is announced, with the
title of the Church Historians of England
from Bede to Fox, including twenty-seven ori-
ginal authors, the whole to be edited, "select-
ed, translated, and illustrated," by the Rev. J.
Stevenson.

The 4th volume of "Jordan's Autobiog-
raphy," completing the work, has been issued
by Hall, Virtue & Co.

Lamartine's "History of the Constituent As-
sembly of 1789," introductory to the "Giron-
dists," is in course of publication in an English
translation, by Vizetelly & Co.

Bentley announces Tuckerman's "Month in
England" by the side of "Emerson's English
Notes, or Impressions of Europe."

Mr. Thackeray has gone to Rome, it is said,
to pass away the time during the gestation of
the "Newcomes" among his favorite friends the
artists. The Century Club, largely frequented
by that pleasant set of companions, was his
favorite resort while in this city.

There is to be a new glorification of Oliver
Goldsmith, Mr. Peter Cunningham editing his
works, from the original editions, in four vo-
lumes, for Murray, and Mr. John Forster pro-
jecting a new and enlarged edition of his "Bi-
ography."

Lord John Russell, says the *Illustrated Lon-
don News*, "has been taking greater pains with
the fifth and sixth volumes of the 'Journal of
Tom Moore' than he is known to have taken
with the preceding volumes. The lovers of

gossip will lose, however, by his lordship's diligence. His neglect of his duties as an editor caused many bits of scandal to see the light, which, but for such neglect, would never have seen the light in our times. Now he has been cutting with a merciless hand, and the volumes will be much tamer in scandal, though kinder (but not truer) to the fame of Tom Moore." In the mean time, the London *Times* cruelly cuts up both editor and poet in a review of the last published 4th and 5th vols.

The four series of the Rev. F. D. Maurice's "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" are to include, 1. Systems of Philosophy Anterior to the Time of Christ. 2. Philosophy of the First Six Centuries. 3. Philosophy of the Middle Ages. 4. Philosophy of the Present Day. The third and fourth divisions are in preparation.

Mr. Bohn announces another "Library," a series of British Classics, the "fructification of a long cherished scheme," to comprise "full and complete editions of the great authors of our literature, including especially those which at present exist only in scarce or expensive editions." It commences with Gibbon for December. Mr. Bohn's other libraries are the Standard, Scientific, Antiquarian, Illustrated, Classical, Philological and Ecclesiastical.

A report has been published of the books taken from the Manchester Free Library for the first year, from which it appears that Shakespeare was issued 352 several times, the Arabian Nights 294, Ivanhoe 241, Robinson Crusoe 239, Moll Flanders 237, Gulliver 123, Macaulay's History 124, Hume 31. Two readers appear to have gone through Hume, fourteen attacked Clarendon, but only three reached the seventh volume. Of the crowd who began with Alison, only one came in at the death. Dana's Two Years Before the Mast had 74 readers, and Layard's Nineveh the same number.

A new illustrated edition of "Horace" is announced by Griffin & Co., publishers to the Glasgow University, with 250 illustrations from the most authentic sources, introductory dissertation, &c., by the Rev. Henry Thompson.

Messrs. Jewett & Co., of Boston, state that they have printed and sold three hundred thousand copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Robert Browning, says the *Tribune*, has completed a new volume of lyrics, and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a romance in poetry.

Prof. Jewett, in his annual Library Report of the Smithsonian Institution, records a liberal gift from James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., the distinguished archaeologist. "This gentleman has presented to the institution an extremely curious, interesting, and instructive collection of MS. bills, accounts, inventories, legal instruments, and other business papers, extending from 1632 to 1792, neatly arranged and handsomely bound in 54 volumes, mostly of folio size. This collection may justly be said to be unique of its kind. It is of interest not only to the antiquary and the collector of curious relics of olden times, but as an authentic record of prices for more than one hundred and sixty years, it is of great value. As a picture of the mode of life and domestic habits and expenses of English families of former generations, it is a most instructive record."

The annual catalogue of the New York Free Academy publishes a list of three hundred and sixty-three students in that institution, with the occupations of their parents and guardians. The merchants head this classification with the large number of 67, the cartmen follow next with 48, then the carpenters with 44, the lawyers with 32, the clerks with 31, the physicians 25, the grocers 24, the

masons, pianoforte makers, and clergymen, each with 15, and the rest varying from this number down to a single one.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR

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THE bills of subscribers have been made out to the close of the present year, ending to-day, and have been forwarded in the usual way by mail. It is particularly requested that all payments due to the journal may be made at once. Mr. David Davidson is fully authorized to receive these accounts, to whom remittances should be addressed, 109 Nassau street, New York.

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